Thou canſt not then be falſe to any one,
Farewel, my bleſſing with thee.
Lear. I humbly take my leaue, farewell *Ofelia*,
And remember well what I haue ſaid to you. *exit.*
Ofel. It is already lock't within my hart,
And you your ſelfe ſhall keepe the key of it.
Cor. What i'ſt *Ofelia* he hath ſaide to you?
Ofel. Somthing touching the prince *Hamlet*.
Cor. Mary wel thought on, t'is giuen me to vnderſtand,
That you haue bin too prodigall of your maiden preſence
Vnto Prince Hamlet, if it be ſo,
As ſo tis giuen to mee, and that in waie of caution
I muſt tell you; you do not vnderſtand your ſelfe
So well as befits my honor, and your credite.
Ofel. My lord, he hath made many tenders of his loue to me.
Cor. Tenders, I, I, tenders you may call them.
Ofel. And withall, ſuch earneſt vowes.
Cor. Springes to catch woodcocks,
What, do not I know when the blood doth burne,
How prodigall the tongue lends the heart vowes,
In briefe, be more ſcanter of your maiden preſence,
Or tendring thus you'l tender mee a foole.
Ofel. I ſhall obay my lord in all I may.
Cor. *Ofelia*, receiue none of his letters,
" For louers lines are ſnares to intrap the heart;
" Refuſe his tokens, both of them are keyes
To vnlocke Chaſtitie vnto Deſire;
Come in *Ofelia*, ſuch men often proue,
" Great in their wordes, but little in their loue.
Ofel. I will my lord. *exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, *and* Marcellus.

Ham. The ayre bites ſhrewd; it is an eager and
An nipping winde, what houre i'ſt?
Hor. I think it lacks of twelue, *Sound Trumpets.*
Mar. No, t'is ſtrucke.

Hor. Indeed I heard it not, what doth this mean my lord?
Ham. O the king doth wake to night, & takes his rowſe,
Keepe waſſel, and the ſwaggering vp-ſpring reeles,
And as he dreames, his draughts of reniſh downe, *Drinks*
The kettle, drumme, and trumpet, thus bray out,
The triumphes of his pledge.
Hor. Is it a cuſtome here?
Ham. I mary i'ſt and though I am
Natiue here, and to the maner borne,
It is a cuſtome, more honourd in the breach,
Then in the obſeruance.

Enter the Ghoſt.

Hor. Looke my Lord, it comes.
Ham. Angels and Miniſters of grace defend vs,
Be thou a ſpirite of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee ayres from heanen, or blaſts from hell:
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou commeſt in ſuch queſtionable ſhape,
That I will ſpeake to thee,
Ile call thee *Hamlet*, King, Father, Royall Dane,
O anſwere mee, let mee not burſt in ignorance,
But ſay why thy canonized bones hearſed in death
Haue burſt their ceremonies: why thy Sepulcher,
In which wee ſaw thee quietly interr'd,
Hath burſt his ponderous and marble Iawes,
To caſt thee vp againe: what may this meane,
That thou, dead corſe, againe in compleate ſteele,
Reuiſſets thus the glimſes of the Moone,
Making night hideous, and we fooles of nature,
So horridely to ſhake our diſpoſition,
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our ſoules?
Say, ſpeake, wherefore, what may this meane?
Hor. It beckons you, as though it had ſomething
To impart to you alone.
Mar. Looke with what courteous action
It waues you to a more remoued ground,